

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.]

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST—Jefferson.

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## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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## POETRY.

### STANZAS.

I gazed when the beauty of life was unveiled,  
The flush on the cheek was all blooming and gay;  
But ere on the mind the heart's feelings were painted,  
It hath in its loveliness faded away.  
The young bud was nipped ere its leaves were expanded,  
To catch the soft vapor, the dew or the sun;  
Ere the soul to thy boundless realm's knowledge extended,  
The life glowing blush of its beauty was gone.  
Thou hast fled like a meteor or mist of the mountains,  
Or the light clouds which fly on the wings of the gale;  
As the spirits which float o'er earth's sunny bright fountains,  
And o'er the soft breezes in murmuring shall wail.  
Bright as that sweet star which ushers the morning  
Shine as its lustre thy stay upon earth;  
Be lovelier and brighter, where free from all mourning,  
The spirit shall rest where they know of its worth.  
I have silently cherished that early nipped blossom,  
Though grief found no vent when thy soul did depart;  
Still deeper its lines has been left on the bosom,  
The deeper its image is pressed on the heart.  
Pure as the fountain from which springs its being,  
Thy spirit hath sought for the land of the blest;  
Undisturbed and free from thy poor earthly dwelling,  
Now go to thy Maker, sweet pilgrim, and rest.  
Be rest thee, my love! one, for blessed is thy slumber,  
No sin of this world can disturb thy repose;  
But angels shall wait thee, where souls without number,  
And resting with God, from earth's harassing woes.

### INDIAN BARD.

### RULES FOR HOUSE WIVES.

1. When you rise in the morning never be particular about pinning your clothes so nicely; you can do that at any time.
2. Never comb your hair, or take off your night-cap till after breakfast. It is your business to take time by the foretop, and not let him take you so; therefore keep all right in that quarter till ten o'clock at least.
3. When you begin the business of your toilet, you may do it before the windows or in the front entry; but the most proper place is in the kitchen.
4. Never have any particular place for any thing in your house; and then you may rest assured that nothing will be ever out of place; and that is a great comfort in a family.
5. Never sweep your floor until you know some person is coming in, he will then see how neat you are; and besides, in such cases, even your enemies cannot shake off the dust of their feet against you, though they may the dust of their clothes with which you have covered them by your sweeping.
6. When you have done sweeping, leave your broom on the floor, it will then be handy; and being always in sight, and in the way, it will be constantly reminding your husband when he is in the house, what a smart, nice, pains-taking wife he has.
7. Never follow the barbarous practice of brushing down cobwebs. A man's house is his castle; and so is a spider's. It is a violation of right, and a shameful disrespect to the fine arts.
8. Keep your parlor and bedroom windows shut as close as possible in dog days; this will keep the hot air out—and you will have excellent fixed air inside.
9. Keep your summer chaises in your bed chamber; they can't catch the qualities of the atmosphere; and if a stranger should lodge in one of your beds, if he could not sleep he could eat for his refreshment.
10. Never teach your daughters to mend or make any of their own clothes, it's taking bread from the mouth of labor, besides it will make them crooked and give them sore fingers.
11. But if they should insist on mending their own garments, they should do it while they are on; this will make them fit better; and girls can't leave their work—if they should attempt it, their work would follow them.
12. If your husband's coat is out at one of the elbows, don't mend it until it is out at the other; then the patches will make it appear uniform, and show that you are impartial.
13. Never spoil a joke for a relation's sake; nor suppress the truth for any body's sake. Therefore, if you don't like your husband as you ought, out with it, and convince him you are not a respecter of persons.
14. You should not endeavor to keep your temper; let it off as soon and as fast as you can; and

you will then be calm and quiet as a bottle of cider after the cork had been drawn half a day.

15. If on any particular occasion, you are at a loss as to the course you are to pursue, in the management of yourself or family affairs, take down the paper which contains these rules, and read them over and over till you have satisfied your mind—and then go on.—*Methuen Gazette.*

REFLECTIONS.—We look with delight upon the bright and joyous countenances of children; the endearing caress, and smile of innocent affection, alike find their way to our hearts. Yet this very innocence, this unsuspecting confidence, is the first thing they lose by association with a heartless world. We love to look upon a beautiful woman, as she stands before us arrayed in her loveliness; we love to follow the quick roving of their eye that "wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells;" we love to listen to the sparkling wit, or to gaze upon the tear of compassion; yet "time waves his sceptre o'er the beautiful, and they are not," and it is melancholy to reflect that the proud beauty before us must sink into the grave, and that the lovely form is but a dainty morsel for the worm.

But let us follow out our thoughts still further, and we shall see that this contradiction is only apparent. Does not this very decay assure us of an after and brighter existence? The blossoms fade it is true, but it is to give way to the fruit. True, the child loses its joyousness and innocence, but manlier and nobler virtues may take their place. True, the lovely woman dies, and the "natural body" becomes food for the worms, but the "spiritual body" may come forth, brighter and better, from the fiery ordeal of death, "the corruptible put on incorruption, and the mortal, immortality."

A COURT IN WOODS.—Some days since a traveler called at a public house in Little Falls with a horse and cutter, giving the horse in charge of the ostler; he went to the house but soon returned to the barn to see how his beast fared; but to his astonishment, neither the horse nor the Irishman who attended the stables could be found. Seeing another horse and sleigh, he solicited the loan of them to pursue the thief; and after being absent for an hour returned with his property.

"What has become of the ostler?" inquired the landlord.

"I rather suspect," rejoined the stranger, "that he will not return while I am here;" and pursued his journey to the west.

Nothing more was known of the Irishman for several days, when the landlord seeing the track of a horse and cutter leading into the woods about two miles from town, followed it till he came to a man hanged to the limb of a tree; when, behold, there was the ostler dead—whom the stranger had pursued, tried, condemned and executed; and all within the space of an hour.—*Cum gratia Redi.*

UNIVERSAL PILLS.—What virtuous things are pills and panaceas, and how astonishing it is that diseases can exist in the world while we have so many universal and infallible remedies. One great public benefactor proves the virtue of his medicine by offering "five hundred dollars if it fails." Another advertises a list of modern miracles wrought by his wonderful discovery. Every pill manufacturer keeps a poet laureate, paid by the year, half salary in pills; and the virtues of patent pills are sung to the world through the newspapers in most melodious verse. But we hear of one pious methodist lady who could find no virtue in universal pills. Feeling unwell she sent one of her children to the apothecaries for a box of pills—the latest infallible. The child returned with a box of "Universal Pills." "Universal!" exclaimed the horrified matron, "I'll have nothing to do with Universalists. Take them back, never go to that shop again; go to Brother Jenkin's shop, he keeps no such blasphemous medicine I'll be bound!" After this we expect to hear of a new description of pills called "The Genuine Infallible Methodistical and Anti-Universal!"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NO WORK AFTER SUPPER.—Do you remember the anecdote I once told you of the great Miss G., who undertook the management of some of her land? She thought herself clever enough to manage John Clawbacon and the rest of them; so one day she stood by when John was at his dinner; and he did not make the worst dinner for that. Now knowing the elasticity of John's stomach, as he was rising to go to his work, she said, "John I would save time of coming and going if you would sit down again and take your supper." "No objection in the world," said John, and down he sits instantly, despatches another pound or two, and drank in proportion, ending with the ladyship's health and many thanks. "Now, then, John," quoth the Lady Bountiful, "you may go to your work." "Work ma'am," said John with a grin, "I never works ma'am, after supper," so he threw himself down, and in three minutes snored like a pig.—*Blackwood.*

To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguished characteristic of a man of merit.

## SPEECH OF MR. CORWIN.

OF OHIO,

On the proposition to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to report an appropriation for the continuation of the Cumberland Road.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 15.

Mr. CORWIN, of Ohio, rose and said: Mr. Speaker: I am admonished, by the eager solicitations of gentlemen around me to give way for a motion to adjourn, of that practice of the House which accords us more of leisure on this day than is allowed to us on any other day of the week. The servants of other good masters are, I believe indulged in a sort of saturnalia on the afternoon of Saturday, and we supposed that our kind masters, the people, might be willing to grant us, their most faithful slaves a similar respite from toil. It is now past three o'clock in the afternoon, and I should be very willing to pause in the discussion, were I not urged by these menacing cries of "Go on," from various parts of the House. In this state of things, I cannot hope to summon to any thing like attention the unquiet minds of many, or the jaded and worn down faculties of a still larger portion of the House. I hope however, the House will not withhold from me a boon which I have often seen granted to others that is, the privilege of speaking without being oppressed by a crowded audience, which is accompanied by this additional advantage, that the orator thus situated can at least listen to and hear himself.

If you, Mr. Speaker, and the members of this House have given that attention to the speech of the gentleman from Michigan, Mr. Crary, made yesterday, which some of us here thought it our duty to bestow I am sure the novelty of the scene to say nothing more of it, must have arrested your curiosity, if, indeed, it did not give rise to profound reflection.

I need not remind the House that it is a rule here as (I suppose it is everywhere else where men dispute by any rule at all) that what is said in debate should be relevant and pertinent under discussion.—The question before us is a proposition to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill granting four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to continue the construction of the Cumberland road in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The objection to this measure is either, that this Government is in no sense bound by compact to make the road or that it is not a work of any national concern, but merely of local interest, or that the present exhausted state of the Treasury will not warrant the appropriation, admitting the object of it to be fairly within the constitutional province of Congress.

If the gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. Pickens) and the gentleman from Maine, (Mr. Parris) who consider the Cumberland road a work of mere sectional advantage to a very small portion of the People, have attended to the sage dispositions of the gentleman from Michigan on the art of war, they must now either come to the conclusion that almost the whole of the gentleman's speech is what old fashioned people would call a 'non sequitur' or else this road connects itself with not merely the military defenses of the Union, but it is interwoven most intimately with the progress of science, and especially that most difficult of all sciences, the proper application of strategies of barbarian warfare. It will be seen that the far-seeing sagacity and long-reaching understanding of the gentleman from Michigan, has discovered that before we can vote with a clear conscience on the constructions proposed, we must be well informed as to the number of Indians who fought at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811; how these savages were painted whether red, black, or blue or whether all were blended on their barbarian faces. Further, according to his views of the subject, before we vote money to make a road, we must know and approve of what Gen. Harrison thought, said, and did at the battle of Tippecanoe!

Again, upon this process of reasoning, we must inquire where a general should be when a battle begins, especially in the night, and what his position during the fight, and where he should be found when it is over; and particularly how a Kentuckian behaves himself when he hears the Indian war whoop, in day or night. And after settling all these puzzling propositions, still we must understand how and by whom the battle of the Thames was fought and in what manner it then and there become our troops, regular and militia to conduct themselves. Sir, it must be obvious, and if these topics are germane to the subject, then does the Cumberland road encompass all the interests and all the subjects that touch the rights, duties, and destinies of the civilized world; and I hope I shall hear no more from Southern gentlemen of the narrow, sectional and unconstitutional character of the proposed measure. That branch of the subject is I hope forever quieted, perhaps unintentionally, by the gentleman from Michigan. His military criticism if it has not answered the purposes intended, has at least in this way done some service to the Cumberland road. And if my poor halting comprehension has not blundered in pursuing the soaring upward flight of my friend from

Michigan, he has in this discussion written a new chapter in the "regular philosophandi," and made not ourselves only, but the whole world his debtors in gratitude, by overturning the old worn out principles of the "inductive system."

Mr. Speaker, there have been many and ponderous volumes written, and various unctuous discourses delivered, on the doctrine "association." Dugald Stewart, a Scotch gentleman of no mean pretensions in his day, thought much and wrote much concerning that principle in mental philosophy; and Brown, another of the same school, but of later date, has also written and said much on the same subject. This latter gentleman I think calls it "suggestion;" but never, I venture to say, did any metaphysician pushing his researches, dream that would come to pass, which we have discovered and clearly developed—that is, two subjects so unlike as an appropriation to a road in 1840, & the tactics proper in Indian war in 1811, were not merely akin, but actually, identically the same.

Mr. Speaker this discussion, I should think, if not absolutely absurd and utterly ridiculous, which my respect for the gentleman from Michigan, and the American Congress, will not allow me to suppose has elicited another trait in the American character, which has been the subject of great admiration with intelligent travelers, from the Old World. Foreigners have admired the ease with which you Yankees, as they call us, can turn our hands to any business or pursuit, public or private; and this has been brought forward by our own people as a proof that man in this great and free republic, is a being very far superior to the same animal in other parts of the globe less favored than ours. A proof of the most convincing character of this truth, so flattering to our national pride, is exhibited before our eyes in the gentleman from Michigan delivering to the world a grave lecture on the campaigns of Gen. Harrison, including a variety of very interesting military events in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813. In all other countries, and all former times, before now, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms on a strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts, would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully and digested well, the science and history of his subject. But here sir, no such painful preparation is required; witness the gentleman from Michigan. He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment!! That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's Practice and Espannasses Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse with us as from high authority on all the mysteries in the "trade of death." Again Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one, that we to whom these questions are submitted and these military criticisms are addressed being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers are, of all conceivable tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House was not alarmed by an impression that I am about to discuss one or the other of the military questions now before us at length, but I wish to submit a remark or two by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother officers, that the gentleman from Michigan and the two hundred and forty colonels and generals of this honorable House will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candor.

"Such as becomes comrades free,  
Reposing after victory."

Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title page of "Baron Steuben." Nay, I go further; as the gentleman has incidentally assured us he is prone to look at musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the fact from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far, as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferrible from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give us knowledge of a subject, comes before us with claims to great profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes, through which we know from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace are sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia gen-

eral on the peace establishment—a parade day! That day for which all other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see his troops in motion; umbrella, hoe and axe-handles, and other implements of war overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches,

"Far off his coming shines."

his plume, white, after the fashion of the great Borubon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history into the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts! Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress: hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on such occasions? No, I see the memories of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquities of whose hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, "sickle hams"—her height just fourteen hands, "all told," yes, sir, there you see his "steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;" that is, his "war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder."

Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx, but sir such are the improvements of modern times that every one must see that our militia general with his crop-eared mare, with bushy-tail & sickle ham, would literally frighten off a battle field of an hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade day. The general thus mounted & equipped is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war which no sagacity could see or prevent. A cloud rises & passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for a display of all traits in the character of that tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to a good account events looked for as they arise. Now with the caution, wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for heroic deeds. Hot from the field and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you well remember, and with an energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lies in heaps around him, & shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey Mr. Speaker that great lever of modern times is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odins Halls, so now our militia general & his forces from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade day. But, alas for this short lived race of ours, all things will have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky when the "hamlet is still," the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

"And glory, like the phoenix in its fires,  
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires."

Such, sir, has been the experience in war of the gentleman from Michigan. We know this from the simple announcement that he is and has been a brigadier of militia in time of peace; and now, having a full understanding of the qualifications of our learned general, both from study and practice, I hope the House will see that it should give its profound reflection to his discourses on the art of war, And this it will be more inclined to, when we take into view that the gentleman has, in his review of Gen. Harrison's campaigns, modestly imputed to the latter great mistakes, gross blunders, imbecility, and even worse than this, as I shall show hereafter. The force too of the lecture of our learned and experienced friend from Michigan is certainly greatly enhanced, when we consider another admitted fact, which is, that the general whose imbecility and errors he has discovered had not, like the gentleman from Michigan, the great advantage of serving in water-melon campaigns, but only fought fierce Indians in the dark forests of the West, under such stupid fellows as Anthony Wayne, and was afterwards appointed to the command of large armies by the advice of such an experienced boy as Gov. Shelby, the hero of King's Mountain.

And now, Mr. Speaker, as I have the temerity to entertain doubts, and with great deference to differ in my opinions on this military question with the gentleman from Michigan, I desire to state a few historical facts concerning General Harrison, whom the general from